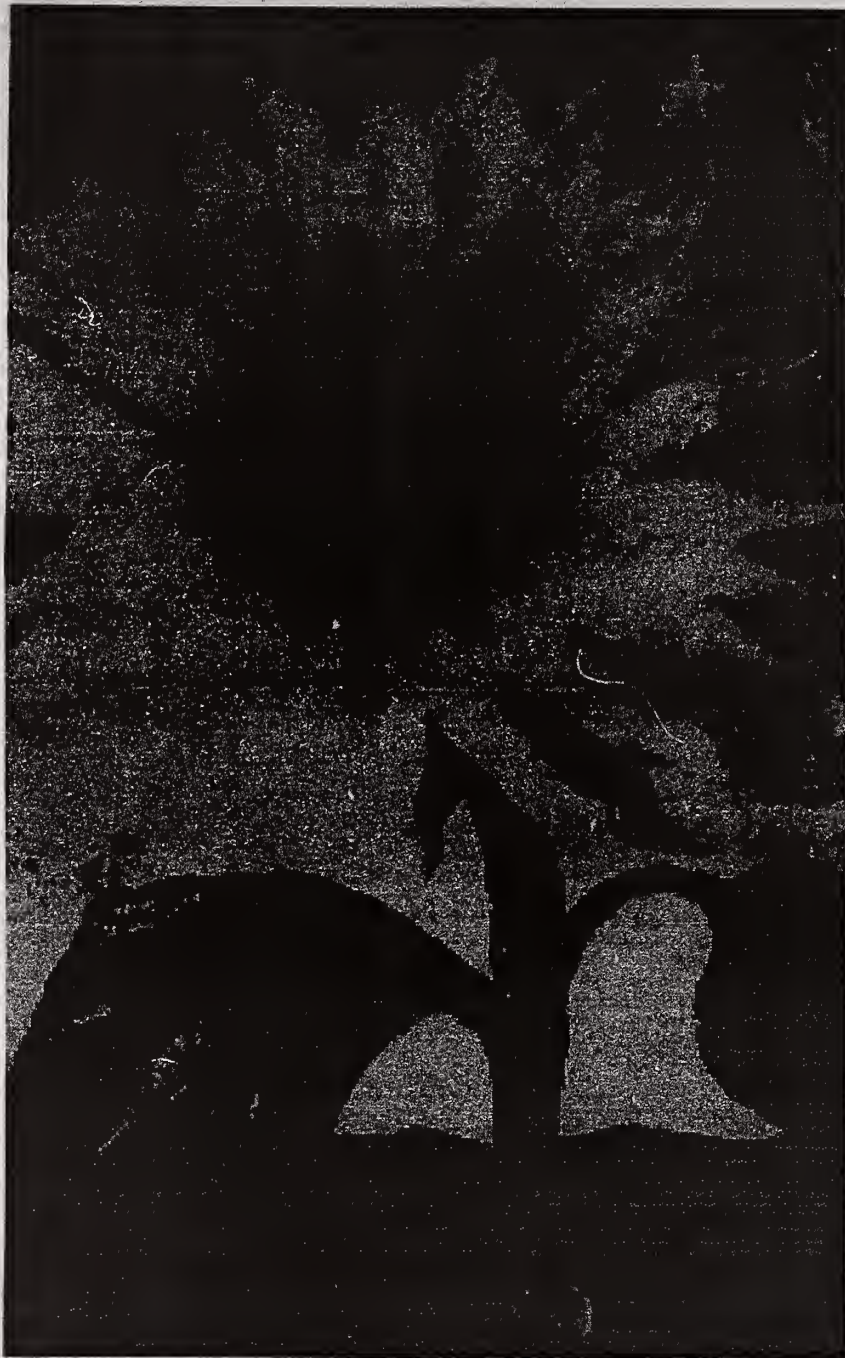


Innis Herald  
'94-'95  
Aug/Sep. 1994  
Volume 29  
Issue 1

# The Innis Herald



August/September 1994





INNIS COLLEGE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

## Editorial .....

### Graduating, and My Complexion

Since this is the first issue of the year, and because this is the first issue with me as editor, I feel as though I should write about the paper. This is what you need to know:

1. We need writers
2. We will be having office hours again this year and anyone who does anything for the *Herald* can stop by when we're in to have coffee. We'll have the office hours listed in the next issue, or they will be on the office door around mid-September.
3. This issue is a compilation of new and old articles. Anything that was written for a past issue has been referenced, so don't write any snotty letters to the editor for stuff written ten years ago. All articles were chosen to give new students an idea of what *The Herald* is all about, and because there weren't enough new ones.

4. You want to write  
Now, with that out of the way I can write about what's really on my mind because I have to admit - right now it isn't this paper.

I'm writing this editorial in the middle of July, the day after Brazil won the World Cup. By the time you get this, that will probably seem like a long time ago, which is what I really want to discuss here. The passage of time. Perhaps I've been overly sentimental the last couple of weeks but I'm really starting to feel the weight of change. Not that I have anything against change. In fact I encourage it. But it always seems like the things I don't want to change are the first to go. Or I don't realize that I actually like something the way it is until it's not anymore.

So what does this all mean? It means that a

whole mess of my friends graduated this year and I hate it. There are a couple of room-mates who I'll never live with again. I had one good friend move to B.C. and at the end of August my best friend is moving to Spain. I'll be bestfriendless, and living with strangers and although I'm sure it won't be as bad as all that (I lied about living with strangers), it makes me realize how short the school year really is.

And then I started to think. All of this gives me an advantage. I know that I should revel in every moment of this coming year. This is the last year I'm going to be a student, and to all you frosh out there, there is no better life.

That is not to say that I won't be happy when I graduate. I'm sure I'll be so happy I'll want to barf because so far university has (no joke) given me acne from the stress (I swear! I even had to go to see a dermatologist).

So these are my goals to help me appreciate this last year to it's fullest. I will go to my classes and maybe even do some of the readings. I will call my parents at least twice a week. I will party my pants off. I will work out. I will eat more fibre. And I will edit the *Herald*.

Since I started working for the *Herald* about a year and a half ago it has become a significant part of my university career. I love this paper with all of my heart (and I'm not just saying that) and so as incentive to all those familiar with us I promise less mistakes in your articles and perhaps even less typos (I would promise less spacing errors but the computer really does have a mind of its own when it comes to that). And I promise to be nice. No, I don't. But I do promise to give you free coffee if you come and hang out in the office with us.

So there it is. I guess my mind is on the right track after all, even though my aptitude for digression is overwhelming.

On that note, good luck this year, have a blast, relax, be cool, write for the *Herald*.

## Letters to the Editor

The Innis Herald has an open letters policy. Letters must be signed and intelligent and legible and grammatical since we're not going to bother to edit them. Letters to the Editor should be addressed to:

The Editor, Innis Herald  
2 Sussex Ave, Toronto ON M5S 1J5  
or drop them in our mailbox at Innis College in room 127. What the hell, come up and see us in our office, room 305 in the West wing of Innis.

Okay! Since there aren't any letters to the Editor, I'm going to use this space to let you know what staff we need:

Columnists  
Reviewers  
Distributors  
Copy Editors  
Photographers  
Cartoonists

Someone to do a crossword  
Musicians (the kind with long hair and dreamy eyes)  
ICSS Ilson  
Poetry/Fiction writers

If you are submitting anything for the next issue, these are the rules...

1. You may write anything you want. The crasser the better. Just as long as you're not a total asshole or anything.

2. There is no minimum length for articles. The maximum is one of these tabloid pages you have in your hot little hands. Unless it's an interview with a band. Or really, really good.

3. Typos are intentional and the computer spaces randomly, and we like it that way.

4. NO-ONE gets extensions. If you promised us an article and you don't submit it we'll leave a big blank space with your name on it and let the whole world know that you let us down.

5. We have a general no censorship policy but just so things don't get out of hand we have a limit of ten swear words per article. Beyond that we make up appropriate substitutions.

6. All submissions should be typed and have names and phone numbers. We won't print your name if you don't want but it ain't going in if we don't know who wrote it.

7. I (Carolyn) am in charge.



The Innis Herald is published (roughly) monthly by the Innis College Student Society. The opinions expressed herein are attributable only to their authors; no liability is attached to the Innis Herald, the Innis College Student Society, or to the printer. All material, however, must be free of sexist, racist, ageist, homophobic, libellous, or just plain dumb content.

If you have difficulty with any of the opinions herein, it is an Artifact of Your Own Being.

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Contributors Who Don't  
Know:  
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Nancy Fiedland  
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HERALD INNIS



# Random Thoughts .....

## A LETTER FROM RALEIGH

by Daniel Currie Hall

"Corrupt the minds of innocent young frosh", my editors told me (just so you know exactly what I'm trying to do here), and I thought, "Well, hey, why not?" I thought this for two reasons: first, I am spending the summer in my lovely hometown of Raleigh, North Carolina, which was named for a third-rate pirate who couldn't spell his own name, and where the main excitement is that tomorrow is Independence Day and the state legislature has recently legalized fireworks, so a lot of neophyte pyromaniacs are going to give themselves second-degree burns to show off their patriotic sense of history. Second, I have been brainwashed. That's right. Just last year, my own innocent young mind was being corrupted by the notorious Orientation Issue of that very unreliable publication known as the *Innis Herald*. (When I say unreliable, I mean I'm not sure

it wouldn't be appropriate to wish you a happy New Year, although we like to pretend we are a monthly.) Evidently I am more susceptible to hypnotism than most, because not only did I become a madly scribbling minion of the *Herald* (like hordes of others), I actually stayed with the paper for the whole year (like four others), and even now, over a distance of 1300 kilometers, the siren call issuing from the cramped third-floor office compels me to write on. (I hear and obey, O Sporadically Published One!)

So now it's my turn to be on the corrupting end, and I look forward to the task with relish. (Actually, I was just going to write a review of *Swamp Ophelia*, but then I realized writing music reviews is no fun unless you have something nasty to say, and I really like this album. But messing with your mind was my second choice.)

So listen up, all you frosh out

there. (If you are not a frosh, or if being brainwashed is against your religious beliefs, please, *stop reading now*.) Repeat after me:

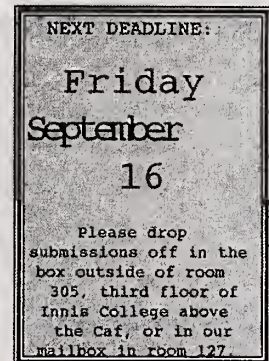
"If I have any literary talent whatsoever- and judging by this article, it doesn't take much- I will dedicate my pen/typewriter/ computer/crayon to the service of the *Innis Herald*. and dammit, I will stick with it." (We faithful few are a bit touchy on this point.) "If I own a camera, and vaguely understand how to use it, I will load it with black - and - white film and point it at things the *Herald* wants to write about, especially bands, because the *Herald* can sometimes get me in free.

"If I can type at speeds in excess of six words per hour, I will seat myself before the *Herald's* capricious computer and hammer out the words of the prophets, maybe even correcting their spelling as I go.

"In any event, I will read the

*Herald* faithfully and thoroughly, if perhaps not too closely, forsaking all such inferior publications as the *Gargoyle*, the *New Edition*, and the *Globe and Mail*. I may even believe some of what I read."

Finished? Welcome to the *Herald*. It's going to be a good year, or else. (We know where you live)



## Television and Tater Tots - (Orientation Aug. 1993)

by Ash

As this is the orientation issue I thought that I should explain to you incoming frosh what to expect, not out of university per se, but out of yourselves. If memory serves, you are bright eyed, bushy tailed and thirsting for knowledge. You cannot wait to enter the institution known as university where you will no longer be treated like a pinhead and where you can explore more diversified paths of study. You plan to attend every lecture and you are even looking forward to the assignments as a chance to show your colours. Well, all that is about to change..... Wonderful, dazzling things are about to happen to you, more than you could have dreamt possible....

Although I would like to blame the energy sucking device recently discovered under the Pit for my lack of ambition, it seems that some students are immune. Perhaps the 3X6000 only manipulates students with my blood type. Who knows? But you may be next. I will explain the symptoms, and you may use this article as a check list as the year progresses. \*NOTE\* These symptoms usually crop up during essay or exam time.

### 1. Sudden inexplicable illness.

- An unsettling feeling overcomes you during your designated study times. May manifest itself as cold or flu symptoms, or even as a sudden onslaught of mono.

*Verbal affirmation of symptom:* I'm too sick to study. I'll go see a band instead.

### 2. Self-persuasion.

-You become a master at convincing yourself of anything.  
*Verbal affirmation of symptom:* If I go out for a beer now, I'll be able to concentrate twice as hard when I get back.

### 3. Perverse insatiable desires.

*Verbal affirmation of symptom:* I must clean the oven now, now, before it's too late.

### 4. Television addiction.

-After a long day of the aforementioned symptoms, nothing is more beneficial than a one hour dose of 90210. I think that you will agree that this innovative show about real issues works like nothing else to further one's education in reality avoidance.

*Verbal affirmation of symptom:* how can I be worried about writing my essay when Kelly may be anorexic?

### 5. Strange logic prevails.

*Verbal affirmation of symptom:* The Herald deadline is tomorrow. It is much more important to get my article done than to do the essay worth 30% of my mark...

### 6. More television addiction.

-You watch both episodes of *The Next Generation* everyday and start referring to your prof as "Homer".

*Verbal affirmation of symptom:* I don't think I want to write an essay for the type of human being who can't see that Data is the hottest man alive.

### 7. Goat shifts.

-The pressure gets to be too much.

*Verbal affirmation of symptom:* I don't want to be an English Specialist anymore. I'd rather be a rock and roll star. (Music lyrics appear in place of an essay on Hamlet. Example: ooli baby, ooh baby, ooh.)

### 8. Even more television addiction.

*Verbal affirmation of symptom:* If *Narthern Exposure* was a day long - what a day it would be!

### 9. Personalized essay humour

-The words "I am the eggman, I am the Walrus, Goo goob a joob" keep trying to work their way into your essay.

*Verbal affirmation of symptom:* My point becomes clear when juxtaposed with Northrop Frye's piercing question, "I wonder how Tater Tots would go with this meal?"

### 10. Mathematical realities are obscured.

-You start calculating by how much you can fail your exam by and still pass the course.

*Verbal affirmation of symptom:* If I don't hand in this essay worth 25% of my mark, I can still get a B in the course.

It is not guaranteed that these symptoms will strike you as severely as they have struck me. I simply wish to bring them to your attention so that if you feel them coming you might be able to nip them in the bud. As I said earlier, the energy sucking device seems to affect some Innis students regardless of their location in relation to the Pit, and others not at all. If you do have the wrong blood type and are affected, as I am, in the most extreme way YOU ARE NOT ALONE! Contact the Innis College Procrastinator's Union (meetings held daily in the ICSS office).



# Random Thoughts .....

## ISSUES

by Sally Ashcroft-Blake

I've finally got it. A small space in an actual publication dedicated to issues I want to spew about. God help you, Innis Frosh, but you're going to have to read my thoughts every month (hopefully) for the next two semesters. Don't worry, Innis veterans will be with you every step of the way. I'm expecting lots of skanky hate mail to be dropped off by shadowy figures at the *Herald* office. Don't let me down!

Now on with the issue.

For those of you who read something other than the *Innis Herald*, the *Globe and Mail*, for instance, you might be acquainted with a column on the back page dedicated to **Men**. Not that I have a problem with anything dedicated to **Men**, (I read GQ quite diligently), what I usually have a problem with is the **Men** who write in it. Case in point, Michael Coren.

His latest *Globe and Mail* diatribe poured angst all over Canada's child welfare task force and it's unfair treatment of - you guessed it - **Men**. According to Coren, thousands of innocent men are being falsely accused of child abuse by our pro-feminist, red-communist, pig-dog social welfare system. He quoted one male social worker as saying, "It'll be an incredible backlash. Children's Aid societies are

terrified that the public might find this out." He went on to discuss the wreckage of men's lives, men who have been "left to bleed" by an uncaring, Amazonian-like organization in the business of ruining one half of the population.

I'm sorry, but I don't buy it.

False accusations and, even worse, false convictions, are painful and ruinous to all involved. Granted. But Coren writes as if all men fall under this category, or, at least, are victims of a prejudiced jury and are overly disciplined. This kind of attitude opens up a frightening avenue of opinion. It completely ignores the fact that many children are mentally, physically or sexually abused, or a combination of all three. It ignores the fact that 96% of all these abusers are male. And it ignores the fact that most of these cases occur in the home, therefore making it necessary to break up families and separate the father from his children.

I don't want to sound like I think all men are potential abusers. That's ridiculous. And if you're wondering, I don't hate men. What I do hate is suffering, especially in relation to children. It is important to have a balanced system that can examine and act on these situations fairly and objectively.

That system evolves with support from the tax paying community that can build a well educated and well trained army of welfare workers. It doesn't evolve from a "backlash". If we concentrate on the abusers, where does that leave the victims?

It's all part of a disturbing trend in academic-media circles. (If that's not an oxymoron). Once fashionable shows on child molestation and wife battery are beginning to appear passé. It seems that every woman and child on TV these days has either been abused or raped. Nine times out of ten it's because they have, but that doesn't change the effects of "media boredom" on viewers. They want to hear something new. So TV producers and newspaper editors give it to them.

Along comes Sonja Friedman of CNN's *Sonja Live*. Billed as a talk show for "intelligent people", (must be intelligently unemployed considering the hour it comes on TV), *Sonja Live* discusses the new and groundbreaking issues of society today. Where it's at and who's on the cutting edge, so to speak. After O.J. Simpson was arrested for the murder of his ex-wife and her lover, Sonja decided to have a show on the effects of abuse in a relationship. With a twist.

Scantly disguised in

academic jargon, Sonja posed the question, "do women ask for it?" There was one woman on the No side and one woman on the Yes side. Both had university degrees and both had written books on the subject. The Yes woman argued about "relationship dynamics" and how conflicting personalities of two people can wear away at a healthy relationship. Translation: "don't say something he doesn't want to hear or else you're going to get a smack in the face". Her logic was flawed and, worse, exhibitionist. It may be a new outlook, but it's just plain wrong. Violence is not a subject to be toyed with by academic opportunists.

Of course there are relationship dynamics and of course two people can work each other up into a crazed anger. That's what Divorce Court is for. But not violence. The minute somebody takes it into their head to hit, hurt or kill somebody it's time for something called **personal responsibility**. And that goes for **Men and Women**. Once that idea is lost then the whole idea of violence as a crime is lost too. And we're back to where we started. Which is what a backlash is all about, right?

## The Idea File -Feb. 10 1979

As the title suggests, Harold Innis kept a card file in two shoe boxes. The file was cross-indexed and contained ideas, notes on reading, and remarks on anything and everything. As Innis reached the mid-years of life, he was cut short by cancer (1952); at that time he was most interested in communication - the history and impact of the media on us.

I have chosen quotes from the idea file, randomly, as I browsed through it; verbatim as Innis wrote them down when reading or contemplating.

At present, the idea file is a loose manuscript (alphabetically arranged by topic) of 350 pages, copies are available in the U of T Archives and in the Innis College Reading Room.

- ELI MARCUS

Sociology of learning - oppressed groups such as Jews emphasizing learning as device for penetrating class structure or emphasizing arts generally literature, etc., involves constant disturbance on part of highly specialized class - Marx, Heine - Marx attempted to penetrate class structure by emphasizing class struggle.

Common law 'that ancient collection of unwritten maxims and customs.'

Law is anything 'boldly asserted and plausibly maintained.'

Tendency of law to become concerned with statute and juristic science to work on code hampers relations of law to life.

Problem of cost of law - if too cheap everyone can use it - mere introduction of suit an attack on character - high cost checks abuses but favours exploitation by lawyers.

Strong oral tradition evident in common law in contrast with written tradition of Roman law. Oral tradition, flexible and adaptable to demands - French revolution - Rousseau's general will - a protest against flexibility of written roman law tradition - United States written law - constitution protest against rigidity of oral tradition or of oral combined with written tradition - newspaper tends to keep written tradition linked to oral tradition - politicians problem of keeping close to oral tradition or of not losing touch.

Position of university as a destroyer of new ideas or as creator and destroyer of ideas - new ideas being taught lose freshness and vitality. university of Paris had restrictive effect on ideas - England escaped restrictive effect through separation of universities from capital and division between universities.



# Random Thoughts .....

Activism, Apathy and Other  
Social Diseases; Or How To Be  
Smarter Than Your Average  
Bear. -August 1990

An Introduction For The First Year  
Student

Nancy Friedland

Having recently been a first year student (that is, last year), I find that now, with a summer's perspective, I am in a position to judge my own involvement or lack thereof in U of T's various extracurricular activities.

It is possible, and altogether much too easy, to just get lost in the university shuffle. But fortunately, you clever first year student you, you have chosen the small, somewhat friendly, somewhat artsy-fartsy, somewhat "film noirish" Innis College. Here, you can get involved in the Cinema Studies Students Union, you can write for this very lovely rag and you can save the planet or — by gum — the universe. Or you can hang out with the Dead Heads in the Pub, if they have survived another year.

Beyond the hallowed halls of Innis, however, there lies much more. Not necessarily anything better, just more. More serious papers, more serious activist groups, more serious people, more serious seriousness. Yes, Dorothy, look beyond your own backyard and you will find the dark, grave underbelly of U of T. I, myself, have ventured there and I assure you it ain't Kansas.

Let me say though that there is absolutely nothing wrong with seriousness, if that's your bag. But by all means try something that might not be your niche, for that is the very purpose of first year. This was my experience of first year, although my words of warning come from my own experience with this "seriousness" of which I speak.

Shortly after first year began I got involved in organizing and participating in an intellectual discussion group. In theory, and for awhile in practice, this was a great idea. It was an open forum for discourse on any subject. We talked a lot about feminist issues, the environment, politics: You name it we had an opinion. But now as look back I see that the discussions weren't so open. This wasn't critical discourse. Critical discourse would mean that we had to be critical. We were, but not of ideas or opinions — of each other: or people who weren't at the meeting that day or people who couldn't hear us whispering about them.

It was a very self-righteous group that only looked for reinforcement of its moral position

regarding the issues. I found it very easy to get caught up in the momentum of this constant encouragement and patting of each other's backs. It gave me the power to accomplish a lot of good things. I spoke to my philosophy T.A. about the lack of female/feminine perspective in the first year curriculum. I stood up for things the group believed in even when I was a minority outside the group. I felt that I had the power all those very smart people in the group behind me.

But I also dismissed those views I had formerly respected because they didn't conform to the views of the group. Only now have I realized that those weren't entirely my beliefs I was standing up for. I had forgotten how to think for myself.

In thinking critically it is also important, especially in the oh-so-cynical world of university students, not to become too critical. You will notice the constant banter in the letters written to various newspapers in which someone's rage and fury about some very minute detail in an article, or some small misprint in a book, is vented. You don't have to be much smarter than your average bear to realize that this nit-picking represents a certain loss of perspective on things. Ask yourself which is more important: the issue at hand that is being somewhat ignored, or the misprint over which oodles of people are up in arms?

Obviously, I've learned a lot from my involvement last year. Primarily, I've discovered that any group that is formed around a moral position is very powerful and sometimes dangerous. It means that you will be judging people not by their actions but by their beliefs, and if you have the right to do that doesn't everybody — be it Greenpeace saving seals or the Ayatollah Khomeini condemning a man to death for publishing his beliefs.

So. There you have it. If the first year student has anything to learn from my mistakes let it be this: Get involved, do what you want to do but don't get too serious about everything. Act as an individual and think for yourself. And by gum, as a wise man once said to me, don't have such an open mind that your brains fall out.

CLUB OF WORDS (or  
C.O.W. for short)  
by Sally Ashcroft-Blake

If you're a writer and you think you're good (let me rephrase that: if you're a writer and *other* people think you're good) the new Innis organization COW is something you should check out.

I know what you're saying, "another Innis club that's going to last the length of it's first meeting". Normally I would join you in your cynicism, but this time I have to bunk out. For two reasons. 1) I'm starting it up (with good friend Steve Barber) 2) I really think it's going to work.

COW will be a sort of Innis literary society. The plan is to get ten or fifteen young Canadian writers together in a single room one or two evenings a month. (That's one or two times as often as the *Herald* is published, you hungry-for-exposure writers you.) During those times we will read and discuss our stuff ie. short stories, poems, excerpts from novels, etc. and methods, both legal and non, to get published and get known. Although the first few meetings will no doubt uncover long lost stories of closet fame, the goal is to encourage new work from writers throughout the year. At the end of the year we will select a story or poem or whatever from each writer and create a COW collection, which will hopefully be published by some back-of-the-woods Canadian publisher.

Sound interesting? Don't worry, no portfolios are required. We at Innis are a laid back sort of bunch and this group will be no different (except we might actually do something exciting). All that's required is a modicum of talent and a whole bunch of dedication. The first meeting (a, who do we have here, kind of meeting) will be held in September. All are welcome. Feel free to call me (Sally) for any additional information during the summer. (416-941-8983)



# Fiction and Poetry .....

## AFTERLIFE by Aino Auberge

You are all invited to a reception,  
*Come as you are;  
you will come when you aren't.*  
Immediately following  
The end of the world,  
*Refreshments will be served;  
so will youth.*  
At which you may exchange  
Compliments and secret hints  
On a life well lived,  
*Check your coots at the door,  
along with your bodies.*  
And at which you may laugh together  
Over all the little mistakes,  
*Such as manslaughter,  
or never learning Spanish.*  
And vow never to repeat them.  
*You won't.*

## Now

Sound, hear it  
Taste everything  
Feel what can be touched  
Go through time experiencing  
  
Bring life to the dead  
Absorb energy from the living  
Exist not only  
But create and care  
For the future

-Anonymous

## TIGARE by Aino Auberge

When I feel that life is an opera  
Sung in a language I don't understand,  
I comfort myself with the knowledge  
That mine is a silent part.

## A STORY ABOUT A SHORELINE (WARNING: A BIT SURREAL.)

By Hugu Dare

I stood out by the water, it's cool fingers running through my new toes. I waved good-bye to all my friends and smiled. The sun basked me in it's light as I raised my arms and flew.

The heavens were always a place of paradise for me, and it was for me alone. Others would look up and stare in wonder while I laughed and dodged the stars. The air, the wind, the endless andromeda. I twirled in amazement as my hair tangled on my head.

I swooped among the trees, the animals froze in place. I flew about over branches, under nests, and caused a panic among the birds. Their flapping wings surrounded me and I gleamed in glorious triumph. I paused only to wrest myself free from a tree whose set of thorns had caught my clothes.

I pressed inland, to laugh above the cities and mock the peasant folk below who could do nothing but shuffle their feet. I was caught up in clouds of smoke and became lost in a maze of glass towers. I danced about and flew around, looking for people to admire me. Faces began to appear in windows, each filled with curiosity. I looped in the air and waved my hands, my smile was my greeting. I hovered in mid flight to examine their responses.

The people were angry, they shook their fists and yelled at me. Their screams fell silent behind the window pane. Confused and scared I flew away to the sky. Such hatred, such maliciousness! I couldn't understand why. I flew back over the land and headed to where I had came. I landed into the waters and felt it's warm fingers slowly pass over my feet. Surprised, I looked downward and stared at the shimmering sand.

I saw a wretch of a being staring back at me. A creature of tangled hair that drooped across my being, scratches etched across my body and dirt painted my face. I looked at the sunset and saw my friends coming to me. They were pleasant little hippos whose skin glistened in the sun. Their eyes looked through mine, never wavering as they swam on the gentle current. I reached downwards and picked one up with my hand. The hippo's jaw gaped open and it's stubby ears flickered happily. I placed her back down onto the warm clear waters. I smiled, gave up my human form, and came home.

## "All Women Just End Up Screwing You Anyway!"

by Another Really Nice Insomniac

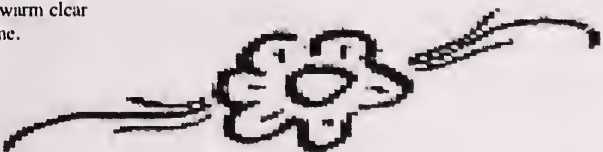
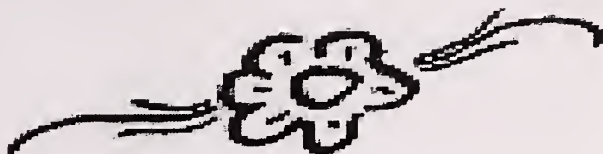
Bitterness spat from a fuming husband, ditched by his wife for reasons he just couldn't fathom. Of course, these words were only intended for one set of ears, those of the wife, not me. However, I took this as a personal assault. I wasn't the wife who "screwed him". I'm not the cause of his anger, his frustration, or his fear. As a matter of fact he doesn't even know me.

This rather exaggerated statement was delivered at the dinner table during a reception. (bad protocol to insult your table-mates, guy!) So, theoretically, I wasn't eavesdropping. I was merely "observing", so to speak.

Anyway, who knew the reasoning behind his spontaneous outburst? My only concern is that this kind of attitude leads to events like the deaths of fourteen women, singled out due to their gender, way back when... It could have been me. I could have been my mother. It wouldn't have mattered. We are female. That's what seems to matter.

The results were obvious. In one hate-filled statement, this man's resentment paralyzed me. Is he going to pull out a gun and shoot his wife, then me, then my mother? This is the ideal setting right? A public place, several blunt and dangerous weapons available, a number of women, and plenty of witnesses to watch him assert his masculine control. Okay, so I've been accused of having a vivid imagination. But what was that McMaster ex-girlfriend, Joan Heimbecher, thinking when she was looking down the barrel of that sawed off shotgun?

Given the circumstances, blurting out such a statement serves as more than just a huge breach of etiquette. It is alarming, frightening even. That man's hostility instilled both fear and anger in me. What I was more alarming, however, was the safety of his wife. I went home wondering if another Nicole Simpson "incident" would occur that night.





# Innis College Stuff .....

## Welcome to Innis College and the I.C.S.S.

## For The Non Apathetic Students

**First of all, what do YOU this I.C.S.S. stand for?**

- a) The Inter-Colonial Stamp Society;
- b) The Incessable Conspiracy to Sue SAC;
- c) The International Confederation of Serious Students;
- d) The Inmates Coalition to Serve Sushi (in the cafeteria); or
- e) The Innis College Student Society.

If you guessed:

- a) you'd better find the Tardis or some other teleportation device real quick!
- b) take a number.
- c) you don't belong to this College and are not the target audience of this article.
- d) you're still wondering why this publication was sent to you.
- e) you may have also guessed that you're a member!

That's right, all students of Innis are I.C.S.S. members. To discover more about the I.C.S.S., it is considered by some to be of relevance that you know who are executive members of this privileged association. Below is a brief explanation of the executive positions and some tips on how to recognize some of the members who are currently holding them! or how to get to know them a little better:

**President:** "...responsible for ensuring the availability of all Student Society services to all members of the I.C.S.S."

**Aaron Magney**

If you want this man's attention, put your finger up his nose<sup>2</sup> and see what happens; he may not be that bright, but he looks cute in tights!

**Vice President - Government:** "...responsible for development and formulation of I.C.S.S. policies with regards to I.C.C.3 business."

**Jon Zeldman**

This is the only man at Innis College who we know shaves his legs, but at least the staples in his head are gone!

**Vice President - Services:** "...responsible for the development and formulation of I.C.S.S. policies with regards to I.C.S.S. sponsored services."

**Frank Kocis**

Also a rare, contagious and incurable mental disease; remember: this is purgatory, you can't just leave!

**Treasurer:** "...responsible for the formations of an annual budget... by the second week in October."

**Peter Smith**

Watch out for this executive power - he can't even fix a desk drawer! Pete is also soon to be the president of the Facial Hair Club for Men.

**Communications Commissioner:** "...responsible for publicizing any and all I.C.S.S. services."<sup>4</sup>

**Juli Mori**

Currently lobbying Pete for money to start a Hair Abuse Hotline, she also drinks raw sugar - give her some and watch her go!

**Education Commissioner:** "...responsible for initiation and coordination of I.C.S.S. sponsored educational events."

**Unfilled Position**  
Understandable

**Social Representatives:** "...responsible for organizing and coordinating I.C.S.S. sponsored social events, with the exception of orientation events."<sup>5</sup>

**Kare Holmberg**

Don't have a drinking contest with this woman, she's from Northern Ontario. Kare is also responsible for providing the I.C.S.S. with roadkill.

**Kathy Osterlund**

Ask Kathy for an acrobatic demonstration and she won't disappoint you! She's usually found in a very approachable, -mellow- frame of mind!

**Men's Athletics Representative:** "...responsible for maintaining and developing an athletic Program open to all male I.C.S.S. members."

**Amandeep Dhillon**

This man is especially practical to befriend if you're interested in

sports due to his authoritative association the Athletics Dept. of U of T. He has also expressed a willingness to be a counselor on the Hair Abuse Hotline.

**Women's Athletics Representative:** "...responsible for maintaining and developing an athletic program open to all female I.C.S.S. members."

**Unoccupied**

**Co-Ed Athletics Representative:** "...responsible for maintaining and developing an athletic program open to all I.C.S.S. members."

**Joyce Yee**

This woman is a great spiker, really! And a warning to all women, in case you intend to play football for any other college: don't play centre!

**Spirit Challenge Representative:**  
Unoccupied

**Clubs Representative:** "...responsible for giving assistance and advice to all clubs sponsored by the I.C.S.S. including those already in existence and to new clubs being formed."

**Joel Schuster**

Trust me: stay away from Joel; he's bad news...like eat-your-children kind of bad, if you know what I mean, chummer. Also keep an eye out for the Idaho Neckslap!

If you have any questions in the following weeks, please do not hesitate to call and leave a messages for one or all of us at the I.C.S.S. office: 978-7368

1 which, upon publication of this article, may be subject to changes...

2 be sure to achieve at least partial penetration of the nostril.

3 Innis College Council

4 who the hell do you think is writing this article?

5 So if we don't go to Hart House frosh week, don't blame them!

6 honestly, fate worse than death...

Another school year begins and with it brings new smiling faces. This may be your first year at university or just at Innis college, but whichever, I'm here to tell you a bit about the social events at Innis. No! Life doesn't end after orientation. Classes only run from Monday to Friday, 9 to 5 (unless you are taking evening courses, Blah!). So there will be extensive time periods when you can amuse yourself by other means than watching 90210.\* So come out with your new orientation friends at Innis.

If you haven't already guessed I'm one of the Social Representatives of the Innis College Student Society. My name is Kare and my co-worker is Kathy, and along with other ICSS members we are in the initial stages of planning some of the events for the forthcoming year. Right now we are looking at having a Band Night at the end of September, featuring some of our own Innis Bands like *Alvy* (who are not to be missed). In October there will definitely be a Halloween bash, especially since last years went so well. Before exams start in December we are thinking about a Beach Pub to warm your soul and numb your brain. Then in late January we are going to hold our annual semi-Formal, which is the most luxurious evening of the year.

These are just a few of our large functions planned for the next couple of months. Along with these there will be other smaller events, some held by our student unions and clubs. And if you have anything in particular you want us to do or be a part of do not be too shy to approach us with your ideas.

And for those of you who want to amuse yourselves in other ways there are numerous sports and clubs at Innis and within the university to get involved in. So come out and enjoy yourselves.

-Kare Holmberg  
Social Rep. ICSS

\*-Editors Note-I like 90210 and personally can't imagine a better way to spend a Wednesday night.



# The Back Page .....

## Beyond Smart and Stupid

A boy's parting thoughts on five years spent at the University of Toronto -January 1993

by Timothy Long

1.

When I was seventeen years old, I received a brochure from a small liberal arts college in Vermont. It read, in part, as follows:

*"A liberal arts degree from our college will prepare you for almost any job. And it will do something more: it will provide you with a lifetime guarantee against boredom."*

A lifetime guarantee against boredom: imagine that. I eventually decided not to attend the college, deeming it too expensive. But sometimes these days, when it snows and I'm alone, I ask myself: would \$80,000 (four years' tuition) have been too much to pay for a lifetime guarantee against boredom? Was it somehow an inherently better idea to come to U of T, and pay \$10,000 for a lifetime guarantee against enthusiasm?

I was an affable, engaging seventeen year-old, but sometimes I think that a couple of rapid bluffs to the head would have done me a world of good.

2.

Before I came to university, I assumed that the smartest people here would spend most of their time sitting around discussing books and such. You can imagine my relief when it turned out that the smartest people here discussed nothing but television.

Oh, sure, you can occasionally find people in Hart House or Robarts library discussing literary theory or quantum mechanics. But there's something faintly musty and half-hearted about them, something apologetic: it's as if they're telling the world, okay, I'm being boring and irrelevant right now, but I'm just having a bad day. Tomorrow, I will be more vigorous. Tomorrow I will discuss *Who's The Boss*.

3.

My parents never went to university, and are thus possessed of all sorts of managerial notions about the way things work here. To wit: my parents believe I attend classes forty hours a week. Nothing would shock my parent more than to learn that I didn't attend a single class after spring break. So if you see them (they're a Caucasian couple in their early fifties), don't tell them, 'kay?

4.

There was a time when the smartest undergraduates went into graduate school, and eventually into academia. You may have heard of this time: it is commonly known as "the middle ages". These days, the brightest graduates in the humanities are dropping out after two or three years and heading to Hollywood to write sitcoms. All of which is by way of saying that the next time a professor gives you a bad mark, or takes issue with a point you've raised, you are perfectly justified in asking him or her: if you're so smart, why aren't you writing for *Growing Pains*?

5.

In some societies, a boy's transition to manhood occurs when he first ritually slays an elk. In other societies, this transition occurs when a boy participates in his first drive-by shooting.

At U of T, the crucial rite of passage arrives more stealthily. A boy wakes up one morning and says: you know, I don't have to attend any of these crummy classes if I don't wanna. And do you know what? I don't wanna.

Cultural sensitivity prevents me from judging the relative worth of these rituals.

6.

Here's one question that's vexed me ever since I've been here: Is this school really as terrible as I think it is? When I'm feeling depressed, I say: yes, it is. When I'm feeling content, I say: yes, it is, but at least I've still got my health.

7.

A man and a woman are one.

A man and a woman and 50,000 TV-addled zombies are one.

8.

Things weren't always so bad here. In the early sixties or so, every single department at this university was chock-a-block with ambitious, brilliant young professors, eager to change the world. Over the years, however, they all either moved to other schools or succumbed to boredom, frustration, or the demands of domestic life.

9.

In 1964, the most brilliant young professor in the English faculty was a recent Princeton graduate who taught a graduate seminar on Charlotte Brontë. One day late in the school year, his brightest student approached him after class and asked with great concern why the class had not yet discussed *Wuthering Heights*.

Some say that when the professor heard that question, something inside of him died. After calmly informing the student that *Wuthering Heights* was written by Emily Brontë, and not Charlotte, he quietly walked out of the front doors of the English department and quite simply never came back. A few years later a rumour began circulating in the department that the professor was now in California, working in experimental film.

That young professor's name was Laurence Tero. Better known to millions of fans as Mr. T; star of such avant-garde classics as *Rocky II* and *The A Team*.

10.

The point of elementary school is to teach you that you can't sing. The point of high school is to teach you that you can't play sports. The point of university is to teach you that you can't think, and that even if you could, you probably wouldn't want to.

11.

You can always tell university students by their insistence on uttering such life-denying statements as:

*I watch TV, but just to gain insights into popular culture.*

*I think Yeats was actually a pretty good playwright.*

*I hope to go to Oxford.*

*The appeal of that subject is not immediately apparent.*

*Listen, I don't think matters are working out between us.*

12.

You can always tell people who have never attended university by their ability to utter such life-affirming statements as:

*I watch TV, just for fun.*

*I think James Garner is actually a pretty good actor.*

*I hope to go to Disney World.*

*I don't care about that.*

*Screw off.*

13.

I started laughing during my first lecture of first year, and didn't really stop until about a year ago. I found it unspeakably amusing how obtuse my professors were, how lazy my fellow students were, and how lightly everyone seemed to be treating this entire business of academic instruction. I had grown up thinking of post-secondary education as some sort of religious indoctrination, one which was best pursued with a grim countenance and a shirt done right up to the collar. For years, the contrast between this preconception and the atmosphere of cheerful idiocy I encountered at U of T struck me as endlessly hilarious.

And then it didn't.

14.

I must admit that part of the reason I was laughing so much was all the drugs I was taking. As everyone knows, a student at U of T can, over the course of an undergraduate career, ingest a veritable pharmacopia if he so desires. I so desired. For the record: I have done grass, I have done mushrooms, I haven't done acid. I have done Aqua Velva. I have done Liquid Paper. I haven't done Lemon Pledge. I haven't done Turtle Wax. I have done Coke and Aspirin. I haven't done Mr. Clean, though I've always wanted to.

15.

I'm twenty-two years old, for Christ's sakes. I've been in university for five years. Five years at the finest university in Canada, the home of Northrop Frye, John Polanyi, and Marshall McLuhan, and I still haven't learned how to end any piece of writing without resorting to the worst kind of pseudo-existentialist pretension. Maybe I could learn something, maybe I could gain some skills, if it weren't for the boredom.

16.

The boredom.

17.

Boredom.

18.

Death.

Mr. Long now studies English Literature at Columbia University Graduate School.



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